

MISS SANTA CLAUS



With joyful heart, on dainty toes,
Her eyes shining, each cheek a rose,
Well laden with her presents goes
The Christmas maid.

In Santa's task she claims a share,
And bears her gifts with thoughtful care,
While Love attends her everywhere,
A willing aid.

Oh, Santa, take a friendly tip,
Unless you want to lose your grip,
Don't let her make another trip
In all your days.

For she's a vision, so complete,
So captivating, fair and sweet,
That she has got you surely beat
A hundred ways.



A GREAT DAY.

This is Christmas day, the anniversary of the world's greatest event. To one day all the early world looked forward; to the same day the later world looks back. That day holds time together.—Alexander Smith.

I would rather be beaten in right than succeed in wrong.—Garfield.

DAYS BEFORE CHRISTMAS

When the Joy of Your Kiddies
Brings Tender Memories of
Years Ago.

In these strenuous shopping days, writes Louis James, have you caught yourself remembering suddenly, in all sorts of queer, unexpected places, all sorts of queer, half forgotten things? Have you remembered how these days before Christmas are the wonderful days in the life of the child, more wonderful days, perhaps, than any that are to come?

You know that yourself. You can't help recalling how time went by those days before the great day. You remember how each day seemed somehow more wonderful than the one before, each day a prelude of real joy to that first marvelous moment of Christmas morning, when, after a night of little if any sleep, you scrambled up and stood breathless on the threshold of the room which had been forbidden you all those interminable hours that went before.

The child you take with you through the wonderlands of the modern toy department wants what you did. The little girl stops before the baby doll, wide eyed, still with desire. The boy stands flooded with happiness before an ark in which is every imaginable creation. You remember what a small thing your own was, a fourth the size. But his joy is no greater than yours. He pushes toward the rocking horse. Now it runs by machinery, when once you ran your own across the floor to the imminent danger of total destruction to persons and furniture that might stand in the way. But Christmas day was your day. The day when "don'ts" were not and you were king or queen in your kingdom of toys.

You pass on to trains and there again electricity is running them. You pulled them yourself.

Then you catch the look on the face of your boy. He is watching the huge engine move slowly, smoothly along. It passes under infinite tunnels and bridges and over made hills that present intricate difficulties of passage. Your tunnels were of chairs and the hills in your kitchen made a splendid bridge to cross.

He turns to you, the child of this twentieth century. His smile is beatific. He wants it—that train. He never wanted anything so much before. He never will again he is sure.

And as you move away you smile, a little sadly, a little gladly. You are proud to be able to make him so wonderfully happy, this child of yours, but you are sure, too, that he is no happier than you were these same pre-Christmas days, those years before.

Life is in the Future.

Gather up all thy sins—old wrongs, old hatreds, burning angers, memories of men's treachery; stuff them into a bag and heave them into the gulf of oblivion. Your life is not in the past, but in the future. "We are saved by hope."—Newell Dwight Hillis, D.D.

PRESIDENT AND MRS. GALT WED

Simplicity and Good Taste Mark
Ceremony at Home of
Bride.

ONLY RELATIVES ARE PRESENT

No Fuss and Feathers at the Wilson
Wedding—Bride Is Attended by
Sister—Spend Honeymoon
in the South.

Washington, Dec. 18.—Official and social circles here never saw a more quiet wedding than the nuptials of President Wilson and Mrs. Edith Bolling Galt, this evening, in the unpretentious Galt home at 1308 Twentieth street.

Only members of the immediate families witnessed the ceremony. William G. McAdoo was the only cabinet officer present, and he was there as the husband of the president's youngest daughter. Even with the limited number of guests, the house was packed, for both bride and bridegroom have many close relatives.

The bride was attended by her sister, Miss Bertha Bolling of this city. She was attired in a traveling costume and carried a magnificent bouquet of orchids. As a selected orchestra from the Marine band played the wedding march she met the president in the hallway outside the parlors and together they went slowly down to the great altar of flowers erected at the east end of the rooms. The wedding ring used was a plain gold circlet marked with the initials of the bride and bridegroom.

Keep Hour a Secret.

In order to avoid the crowds of curious folk in Washington the hour of the wedding was kept secret until late

ing of Virginia, was well represented with kinsmen and kinswomen. She and her mother, Mrs. William H. Bolling, have lived together for several years, and Mrs. Bolling, of course, was the dowager queen of the occasion. The bride's sisters, Miss Bertha Bolling of Washington and Mrs. H. H. Maury of Anniston, Ala., and her brothers, John Randolph Bolling, Richard W. Bolling, Julian B. Bolling, all of Washington; R. E. Bolling of Panama and Dr. W. A. Bolling of Louisville, Ky., attended the ceremony.

It will be remembered that Miss Margaret Wilson and Miss Helen Woodrow Bones really brought about the romance of the president and his bride. During the first Mrs. Wilson's last illness Miss Bones was almost constantly at her side. The vigil was tedious and wearing, and after Mrs. Wilson's death Miss Bones was in such frail health herself that Dr. Carey Grayson, family friend and White House physician, was much worried. He urged Miss Bones to take long walks—and Miss Bones did so, accompanied by her widow friend, Mrs. Norman Galt, who also enjoyed journeys afoot.

Friendship Ripens Into Love.

By and by, Miss Bones introduced Miss Wilson and Mrs. Galt, and the friendship of these two soon became intimate. In the natural course of events Mrs. Galt took luncheon now and then with her chums in the White House—and it wasn't long before the president was enjoying Mrs. Galt's charm.

Mr. Wilson is the sixth president of the United States to marry a widow. Washington, Jefferson, Madison, Fillmore and Benjamin Harrison were his predecessors in this sort of a union, but in not more than one or two cases was the widow the second wife—as in this case. John Tyler and Theodore Roosevelt married twice, but their second wives had not been wedded before.

It is scarcely necessary to recall George Washington's marriage. The world knows of his courtship, engagement and espousal. His love was the "Widow Custis." Thomas Jefferson,



President and Mrs. Wilson.

In the day. The plan worked with fair success and the police had no trouble in handling the few hundred men, women and children who pressed eagerly in the streets near the Galt home.

As soon as the ceremony was over and the bride had been saluted by those present in the accustomed fashion, while the smiling groom received congratulations, the newly-weds sped away in a big White House automobile to the Union station and took a train to the South for their honeymoon. If they told anybody their destination that person kept his secret well. It is reported from family circles, however, that the couple will be away until the first week in January.

They must be back in Washington by January 7, though, because on that date the president and Mrs. Wilson will act as host and hostess at a great reception to be given in the White House for the Pan-American representatives at the national capital. Moreover, congress will have reconvened, after the holiday season, and Mr. Wilson will have to be back at his desk.

Only Relatives Are Present

Among those present at the ceremony were: Miss Margaret Wilson, the president's eldest daughter; Mrs. Francis Bowes Sayre of Williams-town, Mass., the president's second daughter; Mrs. William G. McAdoo, the president's youngest child; Mrs. Anne Howe of Philadelphia, the president's sister; Joseph B. Wilson of Baltimore, the president's brother, and Miss Helen Woodrow Bones, the president's cousin.

The bride, who before her marriage was Norman Galt was Miss Edith Boll-

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John Tyler's Romance. John Tyler was twice married, the second time while he was president. His first wife was Letitia Christian who belonged to one of the old families of Virginia. Mrs. Tyler bore the president nine children. Just before her husband was elected vice president of the United States she suffered a stroke of paralysis and a short time after he succeeded William Henry Harrison as president she died—in the White House.

The second winter after her death the president met Julia, the daughter of a Mr. Gardiner, who lived on one of the islands in Long Island sound. The president fell desperately in love—he wooed as a youth of twenty would woo, impetuously and romantically. It wasn't a great while before they were engaged and a short time later they were married quietly at the Church of the Ascension in New York city.

Grover Cleveland did not marry until fairly late in life. Then he fell in love with Frances Folsom, the daughter of his law partner. She was a girl whom he had known from early childhood—there was a time when she called him "Uncle Cleve." Mr. Cleveland and Miss Folsom were wedded in the famous Blue room at the White House.



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PATENTS Watson E. Coleman,
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D.C. Advice and work free.
Reasonable. Highest references. Best service.

The Better Way.

Charles M. Schwab, congratulated in Pittsburgh on a large war contract which he had just received from one of the warring nations, said:

"Some people call it luck, but they are mistaken. Whatever success I have is due to hard work and not to luck."

"I remember a New York business man who crossed the ocean with me one winter when the whole country was suffering from hard times."

"And you, Mr. Schwab," the New Yorker said, "are like the rest of us, I suppose, hoping for better things?"

"No, my friend," I replied. "No, I am not hoping for better things. I've got my sleeves rolled up and I'm working for them."

AT THE FIRST SIGNS

Of Falling Hair Get Cuticura. It Works Wonders. Trial Free.

Touch spots of dandruff and itching with Cuticura Ointment, and follow next morning with a hot shampoo of Cuticura Soap. This at once arrests falling hair and promotes hair growth. You may rely on these supercreamy emollients for all skin troubles.

Sample each free by mail with Book. Address postcard, Cuticura, Dept. XY, Boston. Sold everywhere.—Adv.

In the Same Class.

Rapp—Have a good time while away on your vacation?

Sapp—You bet! Why, I spent three months' salary in ten days.

Rapp—Huh! That reminds me of the hungry kids who found a ten-dollar bill and invested it all in ginger cakes.

Not Gray Hairs but Tired Eyes make us look older than we are. Keep your eyes young and you will look young. After the Movies Murine Your Eyes. Don't tell your age. Murine Eye Remedy Co., Chicago, Sends Eye Book on request.

Painted Over.

She—I hear that Jack has a new girl.

He—No, that's just his 'old one painted over.

Piles Cured in 6 to 14 Days

Druggists refund money if FAZO OINTMENT fails to cure itching, blood, bleeding or protruding Piles. First application gives relief. 50c.

Domestic Temerity.

Stella—Are they a strange family?

Bella—Very—they can keep a secret, a car and a cook.

Be happy. Use Red Cross Bar Blue; much better than liquid blue. Delights the laundress. All grocers. Adv.

When the average man gets justice in the courts he is usually too old to enjoy it.

The Army of Constipation

Is Growing Smaller Every Day.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS are responsible—they not only give relief—they permanently cure Constipation. Millions use them for Bilelessness, Indigestion, Sick Headache, Sallow Skin.

SMALL PILL, SMALL DOSE, SMALL PRICE.

Genuine must bear Signature

Small Pill, Small Dose, Small Price.

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Filling the Stockings

